if I could to have them in the block at Rodmell in August. Already some clearer idea of it's emerges - doubtless not the real one - one I make up. But it's certainly coming clearer in the typing.

I'm glad the sun is shaded - I feel very ~~[illegible]~~ Thats Spry & well in the cool, broke I shant labor in to gloom. But if I do what make no bones get a sun hat on - if that is you can come, which is not at all likely dont bother. There'll be another day. And all I have to say is my head will keep Lord. I must do I work, Due with the entirely deaf - therefore rather querulous Molly Macarthy. How you touched Pankhurst? I was talking to Rebecca West about her. She's been writing on her too, In some omnibus book: said she was a portent. But R's husband is such dead, though excellent, mutton that I couldn't ask as much as I wanted L Rebecca turned formal (~) society, polite.

NYPL
ROTA 2. 4. 63

Monks Horne
Rudmell

July 31st 1933

I seize the moment, having just put on a Cake
& honey & the kettle on the stove, to write:
& the Keepers will be here in a moment.
I went to. Send them, all my
friends, till dinner. And then I shall be so
talk weary. So now – here's the tip of my
tail where I seize it & pull it over
to your jaw. Yes I'm a great lover
I'm only a dun coloured mouldy mouse.
You know how chameleon I am in my changes –
leopard one day, all violet shots; mouse today.
I've been seeing Nina (whose boy is ill, but
better now: whooping cough: ~~bad~~ pleurisy) & oc-
casionally to Cranham with much violence he seems to
have torn her side – he's Guenlian the dreamy
Charming Now one – but that too long a
sentence) I'm so sorry – for really – about your

Lydia – cold as I am, even for summer days, I think for a
forced on from Sicily. Don't for? I hate people being
unhappy: because I want all my life now to be hot
burning with happiness. But I'm no time to do it to-
that – Anyhow I hope the dreams don't have pain.
I hope too that your Mr Pankhurst is done. –
done triumphantly. Am I to read it — here

NYPL

Rota 2.4.43

Thursday — Yes here they were the keepers & they
stayed like ages & the dinner was burnt,
but they were very very charming. Maynard
pranced all over the room & saying
outrageous things, & he & J. quarrelled – Even
Juan drawn in – about the Nats of
Europe in 50 years: imagine Juanelly about
Free trade & Fascism – Still we did, & were
very fond of each other too – Lydia is
now going on the Stage, as Rosalind or
Ophelia: though the theatre seems like a parrot-cage:
both. This is no distracted & disjointed.
for I'm off now to buy our meals
supplies in Lewes – that I'm

ashamed to send it.

What are you doing about Scotland? The Hebrides? How often I dream of the Hebrides! How I long to be walking on some solitary distant shore, with a gull or two, sand hills & a rosy moon or Setting sun — I dont much mind which: there is a little ship in the bay, or white cottage in the distance, & there am I walking alone by myself — but only in my dreams. Here I walk in the hot dowsy: but then I see some villa: my forge rises. And Lord Ethel, there's ah my relations in law at Worthing, oh how they turn me sick — coming mes in their boots & furs, & talking talking — readymade reach me down Challen — heart as yours, eyes brimming with sympathy — you'd like them: we do: in the abstract. But then in my waking moments Martha malady — Worthy. Now

Love L. Jo

write to my V.

Saturday August 1933

This is not a letter. Only a deliquescent scrawl. At working yesterday – oh the heat.

Yes I like Orvieto very much indeed. First part fine rain. The sentence – about the bacon in the hotel – I should like to crib for myself. The second part not so gaily. But Carrocci walked a little by E. F.'s still style. But that's interesting too. A fascinating work. I'll myself enhance later. Let me know the exact time you coming – I'm harassed by possible visitors. Yes, P is very good –

7 Aug 1933

Monks Horton. Monday Bank holiday

The Lollis came safe this morning, & I shall indulge myself tomorrow in reading them: a beginning anyhow. The heat – oh the heat! — The meadow is like a yellow blanket burnt up: all the sweat has dead. Of course, the Parliament paper is by far the most convincing suffrage argument there can be — it proved to my entire satisfaction the truth of my attack when Spring. How one is persuaded contemptuously, profoundly from the roots, instead of having one's face smacked by an aggressive charwoman (& even the metaphor: impute it to the heat)

what a remarkable story to be sure — E. P. The lower children at the end. Its the end I doubt slightly — the E.P. ≠ Yeats in person. But I'll read again — when the time. NYPL It strikes me, to change the subject, that you dont make any allowance, when you twit me for moods & undoubtedly for the inelegant nobbut nobble of my time in London. July was like being a biscuit in the middle of rats — it's how it is rather a lute — Yahudy people; loving people; wch wch: this is only to say see my address in London. So to London on Friday next: so dont choose that day & then upbraid me. But come: you'll find me very very nice. Jude of admiration — ale the more that E.P. proves the justice of my criticism of Rpings — how I hate that — penney wheetle tittle! And what about Maurice coming with you? Yes or no? Vite wrote to me.

Rota 2.4.63

Aug 9th 1933

L. says he has settled finally with M.B.
Will you come on Sunday afternoon?
L. will call for you at Rottingdean
at ¼ to 4.
This will be arranged unless you write to the Contrary

V. W.

Wednesday

Rodmell Monday Aug 14./33

Oh dear what a bore! Had it been Wed? perhaps
I could have seen you. However, can't be helped.
I went out on Sat?: found people here; had L talk,
for another bad head; so what the use of visiting it again?
Five minutes I wonted like; but find the idea bother L.
I wonder if he made good. I had been working to the
the uncastrated Cat: am indeed, very proud of that animal.
Please tell L. what MS you can have. I'm
not attempted the 2nd version of Pipings: nor read
through MSS. I: again, so can't give an opinion.
Tell L. when you must have them back.
or the Observer. Also H B — not read.